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Flash Back

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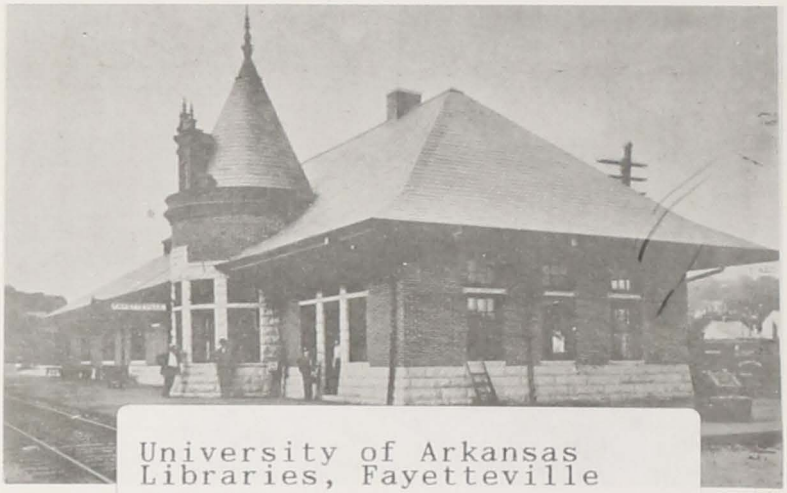

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Flashback, preserving the
past for the future

Volume 54, Number 2 Spring 2004

Washington County Historical Society

118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701

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FLASHBACK

Washington County Historical Society
Preserving the Past for the Future
Volume 54 **Spring 2004** **Number 2**

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Carolyn Duty Banks

Cover: Fayetteville's second train depot, erected after 1897 when the first station burned. The building was remodeled in 1925 and is still standing (Courtesy Special Collections Division, University of Arkansas, Fayetteville).

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THE MYRTLE MCCORMICK PARKS DIARY
PART 3

EDITED BY GRETCHEN GEARHART

Editor's note: Myrtle McCormick Parks of Prairie Grove, Arkansas, kept a daily diary for three of her sons who were serving in the armed forces during World War II. Barry and Donald Parks donated the diary to the Special Collections Division, University of Arkansas Libraries, in 1987. We are most grateful to the Libraries for allowing us to publish excerpts from the diary. I want especially to thank Anne Prichard of the Special Collections staff, Susan Parks-Spencer, granddaughter of Myrtle Parks, and Peggy (Mrs. Donald) Parks for their invaluable assistance with this project.

By way of explanation, Mrs. Parks's husband, James Clay Parks, was president of the Prairie Grove Telephone Company, and the family owned the Beverly Theatre on Main Street.

Additional excerpts from the diary will appear in future issues of *Flashback*.

Tuesday, January 11, 1944. Joe [Parks] called this morning, said he had my letter and thought he had better call because I had seemed so worried. I couldn't hear him at all well; he said he could hear me quite well and maybe we ought to change places; that would have been interesting. He said he was only flying every other day, works in supply the rest of the time. It was a relief to hear from him and he said he was going to write oftener. We had another letter from Donald [Parks] today. He had received my letter with some of the diary. It was snowing there. He isn't sure whether to send Nettie [McCormick Stevenson] the picture he had planned to send her as he didn't hear from her at all during the holidays. I went to Red Cross this afternoon. Mrs. Paul Lewis, county chairman, came to visit the group. She is very attractive. Jim [Parks] went to the meeting of the bank stockholders tonight.

It was the annual meeting when the Board of Directors is elected. Jim said it was rather amusing that there was no one there except the board so they just put themselves back on.

Thursday, January 13. We went to town tonight. I wanted to talk to Arthur [McCormick] about the War Loan Drive the theatres are supposed to put on trying to "sell a bond for every seat." He said he thought we might try it. I came home and ordered the material they said would be sent if we asked for it.

Saturday, January 15. Had a letter from James Fay [Parks] and another from Barry [Parks]. James Fay's was only a note, he had enclosed the front page of the Chicago Herald American with headline, "Chicago Big Shots in 1–A" and under it seven pictures, one of them James Fay's. I had sent [Barry] the January theatre calendar and he thought it was a good lineup. Mama [Mamie McCormick] brought *The Robe* by Lloyd C. Douglas when she came this morning and I spent most of the day reading. I have been wanting to read it but didn't think I should take the time, so while I can't do anything else seems like a good time. [Myrtle was recovering from a bout of flu].

Thursday, January 20. I called Jack [Dunham] this morning and he said he would make the poster today. Jim took me to town this afternoon and I went to the garage to see about the poster. Jack had finished it but I really was disappointed with it. We had wanted it to be an accurate plan of the seats, but I suppose it was asking a good deal of him. Jack Hight was at the garage and said he would buy a bond, so I rushed over to the bank to get some blanks and found it closed. Went to the Telephone office and Jim gave me some blanks he had, but we didn't know too much about it, and Virginia West said if he would come over there she could sell him a bond. So that's what they did. I got 300 postcards and took them to the Enterprise to have them printed to send to the soldiers who have seats dedicated to them. It sounded like a lot of cards, so I asked them to print only 200 till we see if we need the

rest. When Arthur came up he said Elbert Beatty had bought a bond and dedicated a seat to Clyde Delap.

Monday, January 24. Mrs. Anagost [Mrs. James] came for the milk but said they wouldn't want it any more, that it was too much trouble to come after it. At last we are out of the milk business, I suppose. We had letters from Donald and Barry. Barry said he had had his head stuck in his books the last week getting ready for tests, that he had heard that the need for pilots was dwindling but that he was glad he is getting the college training anyhow. He is sending us his pictures soon, said he still isn't pleased with them but they are better than the ones he had made before. He was listening to a Cities Service program, said it brought back fond memories of home. The boys in his room are not too fond of classics and he has difficulty sometimes hearing the better music. Donald said there was a rumor floating that their field would be closed in a few days, some squadrons to be shipped soon but that it is probable that 526 will be last to leave. No one seems to have any idea what is to take over the field but they are sure something will, but there is no doubt that the air crew training is being slowed done considerably. He said he hadn't received the Time magazine yet, I suppose manpower shortage is affecting them too. Jim is receiving three copies of Life lately. He is supposed to get two, one from Eugene Stevenson and one from Butane (Steve Miller). Don't know why he sends it, he also sends it to Arthur. It seems rather a pity when there is a shortage of them; Mr. Carman [L. A.] said he hadn't been able to get any lately. We went to show, "So Proudly We Hail." It really is a great show but is quite an emotional strain.

Friday, January 28. We didn't sleep very well last night, listened to the late news and heard the story of the Japanese atrocities. It doesn't seem possible anyone could fall so low. I made two more kit bags, finishing my four. Letters from Donald and Barry. Donald said they had just learned that part of the post

there will be used by the Thayer General Hospital for conditioning wounded soldiers for service. He said that it had been rumored that 1/3 of the present personnel on the field would be kept to help run the place and it was probably that the 526th squad. would be kept. Jim went to Fay., went by to look at a team of horses near Fay. but didn't buy them. I went to Red Cross. We made 140 dressings this afternoon. I was too tired to go to town tonight.

Saturday, January 29. Cleaned house this morning, it needs a lot of cleaning. I ironed this afternoon. Mama came up and sat in the kitchen while I ironed. Letter from Joe. He is flying every day now, had been up 10,100 feet to get up there and look at the country below. Came down slowly doing rolls and snap rolls, loops and spins. And I used to feel rather nervous when he was up in the black-jack tree in the back yard. He thinks he will finish this week, said he would send me a list of the things he would have to do on his final check. We also had a letter from Lawrence Delap thanking us for the card we sent Christmas. It is the first letter I have seen that had been censored and part of it cut out. He was describing the island he is on and about half of one line had been cut out. He sounded pretty cheerful and we certainly appreciated his writing.

Thursday, February 17. This was a record day for us, had two letters and a card from Donald in the morning and another in the afternoon. Then Jim brought up the suitcase and the foot locker he had sent home. One letter was written on the train before arriving in Miami Beach. The card showed a street lined with hotels. He said there was a stretch about a mile long with nothing but hotels on it. He didn't approve of all the pleasure seekers lolling around. He couldn't get over the beauty of the scenery, had had only a glimpse of the ocean but said it was very impressive, and he understood why they would have their calisthenics on the beach. He wanted his dad to send him some dark glasses, said the oculist

in Nashville had told him he would always have to shield them [his eyes] from glare, dust, and smoke. He had sent his topcoat home in the suitcase. The holes that the mice had cut looked pretty bad. I hope I can fix them or have it done because it is such a nice coat. He sent some phonograph records in the locker. We checked them and they seemed to be alright. He told me to try to find a phonograph that I could play them on.

Monday, March 6. Letters from Donald and Barry today. Donald said he had been before the classification board and they told him he probably would be sent out as a projectionist, definitely so if that was what he wanted. He told them it was not what he wanted, that he would like to get into radio. They told him that was possible and that he had a high score in his radio aptitude test but they didn't like to start a man off in an entirely different type of work to that which he had doing so long, but he kept insisting and they agreed to let him have radio. He said it would probably would be two or three weeks before he shipped. Barry said his would have to be a "quickie" as he had a formation at 7:00 p.m. that spoiled his letter-writing plans. They are having field day there Tuesday which includes track, gymnastics, basketball, calisthenics and concludes with a parade.

Tuesday, March 7. We had a letter from Joe, said he still was looking for a letter from home. He had his 20-hour check and passed, he will have two cross countries yet and a lot of night flying. Toward the last would have some formation flying. He said the hardest thing was the ground school. He said he heard that Advanced would be easier and that he hoped he would have a chance to see for himself. Jim and I went to see "The Human Comedy." I think it a fine picture. Mickey Rooney is really a fine actor in it. Bernice [Brooks]said she cried all through it.

Friday, March 17. Mildred Broyles called me yesterday afternoon, said they would be by this morning between 8:15 and 8:30 to take me to the Federated Club meeting at Fayetteville. I

had been so busy with other things that I had forgotten that I had been elected delegate. After we came home from the show last night I pressed, mended, washed, and polished various articles of clothing, tried to be as ready as possible so I wouldn't have much to do this morning, 8:15 is powerful early these days. The morning session was in the Student Union [now Memorial Hall on the U of A campus]. It was the first time I had been in it and it really is pretty magnificent. We went up to the balcony over the ballroom and I remembered hearing the boys tell about watching dances from there. There was an exhibit of pictures in watercolor. They were interesting but there were not many we would like to own. The luncheon was in the University Club Rooms and was very nice. A Lt. from Camp Neil Martin made a talk which I especially enjoyed. He told about the training in the Air Corps and the various stages they go through. We visited the Camp in the afternoon. A captain took us through and explained things in detail. He said the beds were changed on Friday and that was the reason the mattresses were turned back with no bed linen on them. Two of the boys demonstrated making their beds. We went through the Mess Hall, the food looked good but some of the ladies commented that things didn't look so tidy. But the reason for that I suppose is that it is managed by civilians. Most of the help were women, but the head of it was a man who they said used to be a chef in a hotel. I was disappointed when I got home and Jim said Barry called, I hated to miss it. He expects to leave Middle Georgia College tomorrow, Jim said, but didn't know where he would be sent. W e had a letter from him and one from Joe. Joe said they had had quite a day, it began with bad weather, the wind picked up and there was a dust storm so they didn't fly, were sitting around talking when someone came in and pointed out the window, black smoke was rolling up and they took off to see if they could help. It was one of the barracks and if looked as if the one next to it would catch so they took everything out. It

didn't burn but it did catch fire and they put it out. The first didn't burn down but everything on the inside was a loss and the boys lost nearly everything they had except what they were wearing. He said he expected to start flying at night the next night.

Saturday, March 18. We had a letter from Donald today. He said he had been placed on a shipment and was waiting at the Winter Haven hotel for his shipping orders. He said when they told him they would give him radio instead of projection that it would put him into the possibility of overseas shipment and did he still want it. He told them he did. He doesn't know where he will be shipped but thinks it probably will be Trux Field, Wis. He said he had never been in a place that had been so thoroughly disliked as this Florida station, not the location but the way it is handled, they treat the men who have been in 2 or 3 years like they were new recruits. He had a lot of fun watching the people on the beach scatter when they were caught in a rain. He said there wasn't one in ten who had any intention of getting wet, that in five minutes the beach was vacant where there had been about 500 people. Some of the glamour girls lost their glamour in a hurry. He sent some snapshots, one showed a group marching to chow and singing as they marched. Donald said it wasn't his flight, that they were usually too mad to sing because they have to do so much K.P. and guard duty, I suppose.

Tuesday, April 4. Letter from Donald, written Sunday, said he "went to school" today and that it didn't seem like Sunday. that he won't be able to go to church except at night. He went in to St. Louis Saturday and he still thinks it is wonderful the way people treat the soldiers. A girl gave them some tickets to the Casa Loma, which he said was the best dancing place in St. Louis. Maybe he said one of the best, anyhow they didn't use them. Then some man gave them his car pass and when they went to the Mayfair to eat, there were a lot of people waiting but the head waitress had them a table within 5 minutes and put two waiters on the table; to cap

it off he said a man walked up, said he had a son in the Air Force and laid $3.00 on the table, said it would help pay for their dinner. Quite a difference to Miami Beach, he thinks. He wrote the letter from the orderly room, was on C.O.

Wednesday, April 5. Jim had to go to Fay. last night to receive the ballot boxes from the Springdale election, so we didn't get up very early this morning. We went to the show tonight, had a short with Gracie Field in it, "Young and Beautiful." I always wanted to see her since I have heard her on the radio. I took the letter to Arthur that we got from the Arkansas Motion Picture chairman for the Bond Drive. I wrote telling him what we had done although I didn't feel that it would be worth anything to him because we just couldn't keep an accurate record of the maturity values, etc., but I thought he would appreciate that we had tried to do something. I enclosed one of the postal cards we had printed. I was surprised to see that we had honorable mention for what we had done and I was amazed that in the four or five who were written up for outstanding showmanship they had my name, telling about the cards we had sent out. Arthur told me that Welden Russell had struck for higher wages, he thinks he should have a dollar a week more for operating and extra pay for putting the letters on the marquee. Arthur said to give him the extra dollar for operating, but he said he would put up the letters himself. Welden makes a mess of it anyhow.

Wednesday, April 12. Two letters from Donald and one from Barry. Barry is waiting to hear the results of his tests, said they had told him when he finished his physical that he was alright but that they had told some of the boys that who later were washed out. Donald told of the Easter service at 6:30 in the morning, said it was very impressive. The pulpit was flanked by three large American flags on one side and three chaplain standards on the other and a large illuminated cross back of it. At the end of the services a plane flew low over the audience and dropped bouquets

of flowers. It started raining just as the services were over which didn't help the appearance of many of the Easter costumes. He had his name called out in class and was told that he had passed 4 words per min. and would be moved to 8. Only 5 in the class had made this advancement. Donald said to renew his church pledge. We went to Study Club this afternoon. Mrs. Garrett [Eula] came by for me and Ella Rogers, who had come up here to wait for the car. We save all the extra mileage we can nowadays. Jim and I went to the show, "The City That Stopped Hitler." It was interesting but I will be glad when we don't have to think of war at the movies or anywhere else.

Thursday, April 13. I had expected today to be much warmer, it was so pretty yesterday. There was sunshine but a cold wind from the south. I was determined to wash on the porch anyhow, but the wind kept blowing out the flame of the stove. I got two old sheets and tacked them up and it really did help. The lower roll of my wringer has had a hole in it for some time and a black fluid oozes out of it. I try to guide the clothes around the hold so the fluid won't get on them but in putting Jim's khaki trousers through I let too much stack up and it stalled the wringer. Before I could get it stopped there was really a torn place in the wringer and I can't use it any more. I asked Ed Broyles some time ago to see if he could get me one but he says he can't. I don't know how I shall get along without it. But I did have something to be thankful for, we have had the hot water heater turned off for more than a week. It leaked oil so badly that we were afraid to use it. Jim has asked Eb Whitsett several times about it but he kept putting it off. Jim Asked Clive Lesly and he came this afternoon and cleaned the burner and fixed the leak in just a little while. It's wonderful to have lots of hot water again.

Saturday, April 15. I worked on the lawn, it surely does need mowing. I took the weed cutter and helped it in spots. I wish we could find someone to mow it. Ruth [McCormick] called to tell

me there was a salesman on the way up. I didn't look very presentable but it was Mr. Brunk and I didn't mind much. He wanted us to sign for the news for next year. The contract doesn't expire till in the fall, but on account of film restriction he said he wanted to take care of their old customers so they would know where they stood before taking on new ones.

Sunday, April 17. Jim went to Fayetteville, I to S.S. and Church. Mama came home with me for dinner. After we had eaten she insisted that she help me with the dishes. Then she went home. I was doing some last touches in the kitchen when I heard the front door open and someone call out, "Is there anyone at home?" I didn't recognize him for a second. It was Joe, but of course I wasn't expecting him at all. He said my mouth just dropped open, but it didn't take me long to know him. It certainly was a surprise and a wonderful one. Mr. Mel and "Miss Grace" [Collier] had brought him down. He got into Fay. just as the bus out this way was pulling out, said he looked for his daddy, thought he surely would be up there, he is there so much. The funny thing is that Jim really was in Fay. about the time the bus came in but had eaten and gone to the office when they arrived. Joe said something about his civilian clothes and I told him his daddy had on his suit, so Mr. Mel asked if he could call Jim and tell him to come home, that Joe wanted his suit. Jim was so surprised that he had to talk a while before he could believe him. Mama came in all out of breath, said Mr. Long [B. B.] told her as she went down the alley that he saw someone in uniform come in here and she felt sure it must be one of the boys. Joe was tired and dirty, had been on the train three days, but after a shower and shave said he felt much better and he surely looked it. I think the strain of being washed out had been hard on him and he was disappointed not to have worn his wings the first time he was home. Brother came to see him and Arthur, Ruth, and Dolly Anne [McCormick] came though they hadn't heard he was here. There was a lot of talking

done in a given time. Joe and Jim went to town, Joe wanted to get down before too many heard he was here.

Monday, May 1. Mary [a cow] much better this morning. We are thankful, it looked rather serious for a while. The doctors said they thought it was caused from the feed, that so much of it is not fit to eat. It's so high that some people put anything in it they can find. Sounds bad if true. Letter from Donald said they were still working on flood detail and it looked as if they would be for some time. They had gone to Dupo, Illinois, spent most of Wednesday filling and carrying sandbags and they really did work. It had rained, then turned cooler and they were pretty miserable. He said they were to go out the day he wrote at 3:00 p.m. and would work till midnight, which would mean he wouldn't get to bed till about 5:00 in the morning.

Tuesday, May 2. Mama asked me to go to Fay. with her and Margery [Magruder] on the bus this afternoon. We ran on to Mary Dean and she said we could come home in her car. It was at Abshier and Bryan's having some work done. She says she is going to Tulsa or Oklahoma City to look for a job. That she couldn't bear to be sitting around when the Second Front comes. Lyford [Dean] is in England. Letter from Donald. He really is having an experience fighting floods. The river is higher than any official record they have and is expected to go higher. He spoke of the situation at the Chain of Rocks bridge where it really was serious. Besides the soldiers there were Coast Guard and Civilian Defense men and hundreds of civilians also highway, civilian, and army trucks hauling sandbags which assault boats furnished by the Coast Guard towed up and down the river to points where they were most needed. He had worked six hours without stopping and it was plenty "rough," the swift current made it difficult and dangerous. He said the thing that hurt most was to have the levees break after all the time, labor and expense that had been put into trying to make them hold.

Saturday, May 27. Joe called this morning from town. Asked me if I knew how to go about getting priority for lights for the marquee, so many of them are out and he thinks it looks pretty bad. He said Ed Broyles said he could let him have only six and I think he said they need about forty though that sounds like a lot. I referred him to his daddy, but when he came home at noon said he went to the Southern and they said they could let him have a hundred and forty if he wanted them. He went by Mama's to get her sweeper. I think he was the last one to use it on the carpet and it surely did need it. He said tonight there was a wastebasket full of dirt. He did a number of things that needed to be done for which no one has the time or the feeling of responsibility. We had letters from Donald and Barry. Barry's situation seems very indefinite yet. Barry sent us his rating sheet as cadet officer and we were very proud of it. So many excellents and two superiors. Donald had heard from Barry, said he seemed discouraged and Donald said he was a little bit about himself. Didn't know if he could meet the requirements demanded for graduation; had been changed to day-shift and thought he would like it better.

Sunday, May 28. We had a letter from Barry. He hasn't been before the board yet and didn't think that was encouraging. He thinks they are trying to get rid of all the cadet pilots that they can. If he is washed out he would like to get with Donald but is afraid it would "a hard nut to crack." Though perhaps his daddy could get some help from John McClellan. Janet and James Fay called. They have decided that I should bring Michael [Parks] home and stay a few days, James Fay said it was impossible for him to leave just now. I don't know what I shall do. There are so many things that would have to be done. I don't have the clothes and I hate to leave Jim and they say that no one should be far from home when the invasion starts.

Tuesday, June 6. Invasion Day. Jim turned on the radio for the 7:00 news and we realized at once that something big had

happened. The invasion in France had at last begun. Jim went to the farm to do some more plowing but I didn't do much all day but listen to the radio. I just couldn't seem to turn it off. What I did was done with more than half my mind on the radio. I noticed Michael eying me rather quizzically a number of times. She wasn't accustomed to having so little attention. I do pray that this means that the war in Europe won't last much longer. Tilford and Betty Jo [Sharp] came for a little visit, they feel Ottie [Sharp] is in the invasion and I know it must make them feel terribly anxious. Dave Terry, candidate for governor, was in town today and was determined to see Jim. I finally told Mr. Holmes [J. Frank] that he was at the farm and Mr. Terry went out there. Jim said when he came that he told him he was going to vote for Simms [J. Bryan] and Terry asked for his support if Simms should be eliminated in primary. We had a letter from Joe, he thinks that Lincoln is the worst yet and hopes he will be shipped soon. He first said not to try to write him there but in a P.S. told me to write and I did. I went to the show "Standing Room Only." Jim intended to work on the books but when I got home he was sound asleep. Said he had been asleep all the time. Plowing is rather vigorous exercise for him.

Thursday, June 15. A letter from Joe this afternoon. Joe is at Harding Field, Baton Rouge, and seems to like it pretty well. Says it is HOT. He expects to lose weight but says he has decided to quit smoking for a month to see if it doesn't help him. That may make up for any loss from the heat. He said maybe the war in Europe would be over before Christmas and at least one of them might be home.

Monday, June 19. We had a letter from Joe this morning and one each from Donald and Barry this afternoon. Pretty nice. Joe said he didn't know much about what they would do with him yet. Expected to start working regularly Sunday. Hoped to be chief operator of one of the post theatres. I think it would be sorta

soothing to his pride if he is. He said if he should go overseas he would have to have a number of shots, yellow fever, typhus, and cholera. Also have a wisdom tooth pulled and he was rather dreading that. Barry expected to be shipped to Tampa in a few days. He said he felt that the folks at home would be ashamed of him for washing out. Such foolishness. He would have a hard time finding anyone here that is ashamed of him, or I miss my guess. Donald's was addressed to his daddy as a Father's Day gesture and I thought it a very nice one, his daddy appreciated it. He is still trying to get 16 wpm in code and said he was having plenty of trouble with it. If he fails to make it he said he probably would be sent back to projectionist, but that he felt he should go across if he could go over doing some worthwhile job. I canned a bushel of apples, made 27 qts. of apple sauce. Didn't get through till midnight and was tired, but they make better sauce when they are freshly picked and are still rather green. They ripen fast this kind of weather.

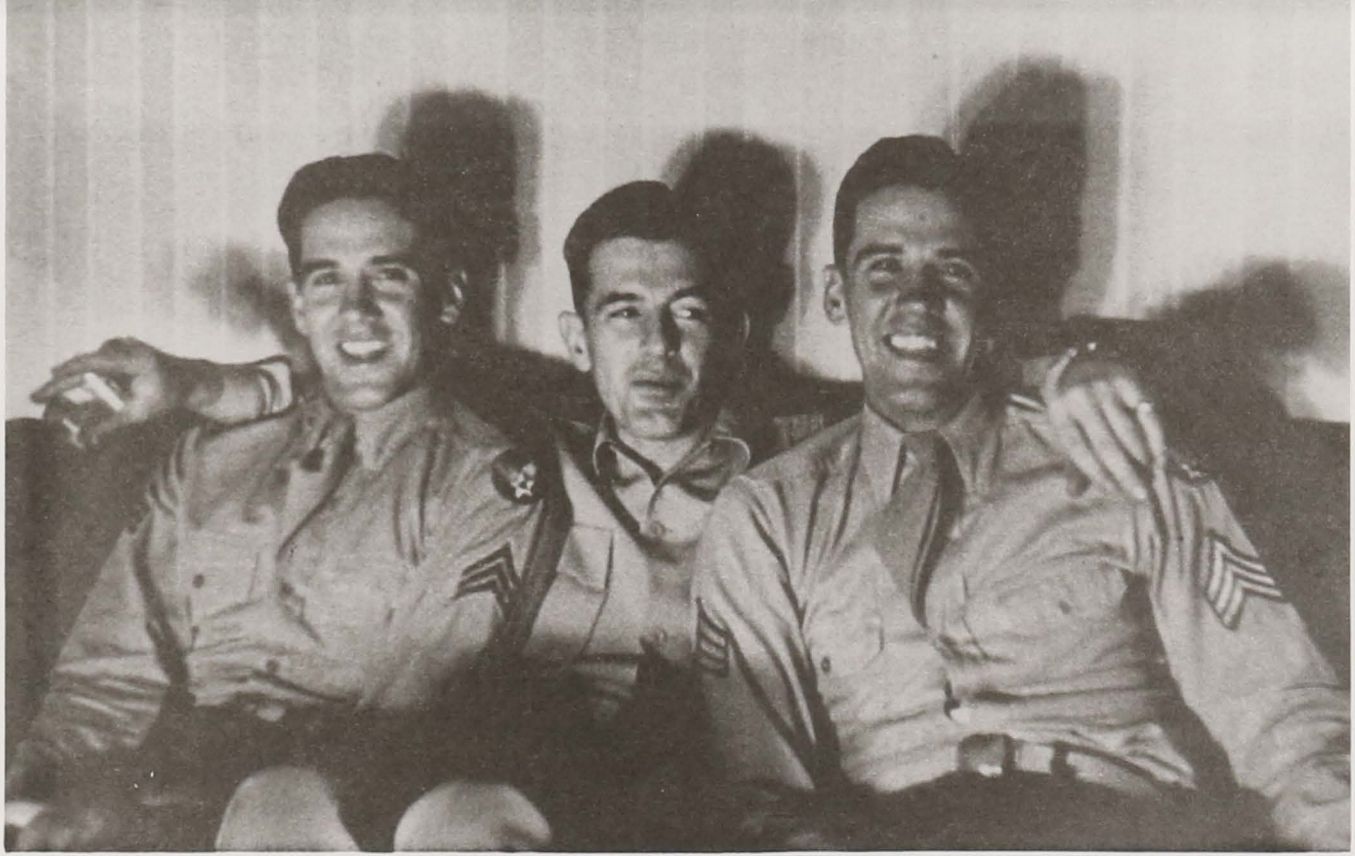
Sunday, June 25. I went to Sunday School. Margery wanted me to take over the S.S. class but I persuaded her to take it for this one more Sunday. She is going to Gentry to visit Henry [Magruder], and Margery Anne [Magruder] is going to a summer camp at Sulphur Springs. Then I went to Arthur's. They had just finished a freezer of ice cream. Arthur had made kraut today. He said Sun. was the only day he could do it and he hated to have the cabbage waste but I don't think he was very proud of having made it on Sun. He was a little provoked with Dolly Anne [McCormick] for telling someone on the phone that they had. I went to church tonight. Mr. Holmes preached and Mr. Wayland [Ewing T. Wayland, Methodist preacher] presided as Mr. Long had gone to Mt. Gaylor to take Mrs. Long's cousin. Her mother and a former teacher of Mrs. Long's have a cottage there. They are from Huey Long's (no relation) hometown, Winfield, La. Miss Payne told me of the many improvements he made in the town while he was

governor. She wasn't very strong for him but she seemed to appreciate the things he had done for the town.

Saturday, July 8. We got up about 7:00 and I called Jim. He said he would be up for us as soon as he milked. I heard the cat and went to the door, I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw some long legs in uniform getting out of the car. It was Barry and I was sick that I had missed a bit of his visit. He came Thursday afternoon. Barry looks so well and it is wonderful to have him. He said he wasn't sure that he could come till the last minute and that was the reason he didn't tell us but I think he likes to surprise us. He isn't sure yet where they are going to put him. There were a lot of things that needed doing but I couldn't seem to get them done. Spent as much time talking to Barry as I could, trying to make up for lost time.

Sunday, July 9. I got up fairly early so I could write Donald that Barry is here, thought there might be a chance that he could come down even if only for a day. I went to S.S. but I hadn't had a chance to prepare the lesson. We haven't had the Earnest Worker for this month because of paper shortage. It seems too bad that religious literature has to suffer when there seems to be all they need for political campaigns and other not so important things. The Earnest Worker is the finest S.S. literature put out by any church. Members of other churches agree to that. Barry came to church and sat by Mama which pleased her very much. Barry had quite a reception after church. Barry and Johnnie [Brewster?] went to Lake Wedington. Barry was rather disappointed with it, said it had changed to much since the good old days. The weeds had grown almost down to the water's edge. And the people in charge seemed pretty dumb, he said. We had a letter from Donald today. He said they had started their night shift. They are studying telegraph procedure, which he thinks will be interesting, as least a change.

Family gathering, circa 1934. Top row, left to right: Dr. E. G. McCormick, Mrs. E. G. McCormick, Ruth McCormick, Arthur McCormick, Mrs. W. E. N. Phillips, Jim Parks. Bernice McCormick, Grover McCormick, Hattie Bristow, Mrs. Gordon Bristow, Mrs. Jim Parks, W. E. N. Phillips, Mrs. Grover McCormick, and Gordon Bristow. Bottom row: Donald Parks, Barry Parks, Gordon Phillips, Joe Parks, Dolly Ann McCormick, and Jonathan Phillips (Courtesy Special Collections Division, University of Arkansas Libraries, Fayetteville).



Left to right: Donald Parks, James Parks, Barry Parks, circa 1943 (Courtesy Susan Parks-Spencer).

Monday, July 10. Donald called this morning insisting that Barry come up there to see him, said it was absolutely impossible for him to get off. He said for me to come too and we would have a wonderful time, which surely would be true if the three of us could be together. But Barry said he was afraid that he might be picked up and his papers would show he had no right to be up there. He didn't want to get into any trouble. Then, too, he said he had been riding trains so much lately and had so much of it ahead that he was sick of it. He said it would be so much nicer for them to be together here at home, though and he hoped that they could make it in the near future. Donald was disappointed and I was sorry it couldn't have worked out that they could see each other. Had my heart set on it. Barry went with Jim to the farm this afternoon, was very tired tonight, said his daddy could wear him out walking.

Monday, August 7. James Fay's birthday. Jim got the radio off to Joe at last. He went to Fayetteville. Paid taxes for himself, Mama, Arthur, Uncle Fay [Lafayette McCormick], Henry Nelson, and a number of others. The Telephone Co. taxes were over $400. I cleaned the oil stove today, a job I have been dreading. I boiled the burners in soda water and they work much better, but it was certainly hard on the hands. We had a letter from Barry, said nothing was happening, that they had been scheduled to fly that morning but there was no plane available and he had ground school in the afternoon, he said he surely was tired of going to ground school and listening to lectures. He had an interesting talk with a boy from overseas, who had his plane shot out from under him twice but made it to the channel both times before going down. The boy said he went to England hating the English and everything they did but now there is no people in the world that he admires more than the English and everyone who was with them long felt the same way. He thinks the RAF is a wonderfully efficient organization. That the Poles beat anything he ever saw

as fighters; when the Nazis see a Polish squadron they turn around and "high-tail" it for home.

Tuesday, August 8. Election day. Jim called to ask when I wanted to go down to vote and I told him not till late. He took me at my word and didn't come till 5:45 and the polls closed at 6:00. He had been hauling widows, spinsters and a few wives to the Library where they were voting. We saw Bernice. She was enthusiastic about Bill Fulbright. Jim told me tonight that she couldn't vote, didn't have a poll tax receipt.

Wednesday, August 30. Jim and I went to the show, "You Can't Ration Love." I thought it pretty poor, Paramount isn't making nearly as good pictures as they did or that is my opinion. Letter from Barry, he said he was in his shorts but still had to take time out to fan. He was going to fly that night from ten till three in the morning. Had gone to church that morning, first morning service since he had been there. When he flew the day before he got so cold his teeth were chattering, then when they came down the heat nearly knocked him down. He still thinks Germany may hold on longer than a lot of folks seem to think and is a little bothered about the secret weapon they talk about. Time will tell but I hope there is nothing to that.

Friday, September 22. We laughed at Mrs. Johnston [Jesse Randolph] at our table at the Red Cross till the other table threatened to put us out. She can think of a lot of funny things to say but the funniest was her description of Mr. Johnston [Albert S.] when he listens to Republican speeches on the radio. She says he shakes his fist at the radio and says, "That's a lie" and similar uncomplimentary remarks. There were Republicans at the other table and it made it much funnier, of course, trying to keep them from knowing what we were saying. Jim had Lee Jones come to look at Mary and her calf, he certainly didn't offer much. $25.00 for the calf and 4 and a half per pound for Mary. It seems a pity to sell her for that when she has been such a good cow and we feel

pretty sentimental about selling her, we have had her for so long and all the boys milked her. But she just isn't what she used to be and with just Jim and me we don't need her at all. I listened to Dewey's speech; the first time I have heard him this campaign. His delivery has improved a lot since the other time but I didn't think he had much to say. Perhaps I am slightly prejudiced.

Saturday, September 23. Letter from Barry and it was so very interesting. The crew had gone on a navigational flight to Cuba. Took off at two o'clock in the afternoon and about five were at the coast of Cuba. He said Cuba is by far the most beautiful spot he has seen, that it didn't seem possible that anything could be so pretty. The water was so blue it looked purple and the beaches are ivory white. The trees and grass were the greenest green he ever saw and the ground was a crimson red. It must be a beautiful contrast of colors. He said he didn't know what they had planted in the fields they saw but didn't think his daddy could have made the rows straighter. Along the fence rows were tree palms that looked to be 60 or 70 feet high. Flowers were everywhere. The houses were red with thatched roofs and the lawns were beautiful; they passed an air base and got a weather clearance, then home. The trip took 6 hours.

Saturday, October 21. We don't have an alarm clock and Barry was a little afraid that we wouldn't wake early enough. We decided that we had better get up at 4:30 for him to get to Fayetteville by 6:00. But I thought I would, I always have and did this time tho I got up several times in the night to see what time it was. Barry had done all his packing last night. Jim hurried to the barn to milk and we had breakfast over and were ready to go before 5:30. On the way up Barry said something about driving to Van Buren, the agent at Fay. had suggested it yesterday because a crowd was going to the football game at Little Rock. Jim told Barry we would do whatever he wanted to do and Barry said he really would like to drive down. He went by the station to see

about getting a reservation for tonight and the place was overflowing with girls who were going to the game. There were only two or three boys, quite different from the old days.

Saturday, October 21. It was wonderful to have the extra time with Barry. It was still dark as we went down, I was sorry for the mountains are so very beautiful just now and I know Barry would have enjoyed seeing the trees. There were so many different colors, reds and golds and tans and greens. The train was late and we drove over the new concrete bridge that was built after the terrible flood a year ago last spring that washed the bridge away. We went back to the station and were sitting in the car when we heard the train from Fay. and soon girls descended on the station like a swarm of locusts. Barry didn't want to brave the crowd and we stayed on the back platform till the train came. After he had got on the train and found a seat he came back out to see and just as he did Tina Lansford and another girl came through the train and spoke to him. Mother-like I didn't think it was an accident that they found him. I suppose I resented it because I wanted the last possible glimpse of him and of course he had to turn around and speak to them when they began talking to him. It will be a grand day when this leave-taking is over. This side of Van Buren we picked up a soldier, he has been in the Aleutians for over two years and has only been back a day or two. Said his feet froze while there and hurt very bad when they are cold.

Monday, October 23. Mr. Morrow [Arch] and Jessie (I can't remember his last name) came about eight. Jessie went all round the house driving in loose nails and tightening the weatherboarding. While he was hammering away outside the kitchen I heard a crash and when I went in to see about it found that the hammering had jarred the sugar container, a big glass one, and the coffee jar off the shelf and there was all the sugar we had in a pile of glass splinters. The coffee wasn't so serious for we can buy more, but I don't have any more sugar stamps and the

next one isn't due for about a month at least. I gathered up what I could and made a syrup of it, then strained it through a fine cloth, thought Jim could use it for his coffee.

Tuesday, October 24. Still no letter from Joe and I am getting worried. He has never waited this long. I worked most of the day mending and lengthening sheets and made four pairs of pillow cases out of the good parts of worn sheets. Mama brought up a can for sugar with two or three cups in it. I have given her some several times, and she said she was paying some of it back. It surely will help out. Jim asked me tonight if I still wanted to call Joe and I did. He put in the call but had so much trouble locating him that he said he would go on to town and if the call got through would call me. After a while the phone rang and it was Joe. Poor kid, he said the call scared him terribly, that we had never called before and thought something must be wrong, said as much as he liked talking to us never to do it again, to let him do the calling. He said he had written, didn't know why we hadn't heard. He had been taking all kids of shots, said quite a group has been taken from the field there and placed in infantry, wasn't sure what they were going to do with him.

Tuesday, November 7. Oscar McCuistion came up to tell Jim that he couldn't serve as a judge at election polls today. Jim went to town to try to find someone to take his place, before he had eaten his breakfast. Oscar Sharp came over to get Jim to help him start his car. I told him Jim wasn't here but that I would wake Donald and he could take the car and push. I hated to get Donald up, he seemed so sleepy; it didn't take him long and by that time Jim was back and they ate breakfast together. Being election day Jim didn't come up for dinner. Donald came up about 5:30 and took me down to vote. We drove through town and picked up Jim so he could go with us. Our votes were in the 290s. Jim told us tonight that there were 309 in all. Donald said he talked to Florence [Phillips] when she came to vote. He asked her if she

voted for Dewey and she said "No," that she couldn't when she got there and the McCormick family was standing around waiting to see how she was going to vote. Donald said he told her that after hearing James talk he was stronger than ever for Roosevelt and he told her some of James Fay's arguments. Said he hoped he had influenced her. Jim went to Fayetteville tonight and Donald went with him. I settled down to listen to the election returns. It didn't take long to begin to feel that the trend was definitely for Roosevelt. I sat up till nearly 3:30 [?] heard Dewey concede his defeat, then I went to bed.

Wednesday, November 8. Jim and Donald came a few minutes after I had gone to bed. Jim felt alright about the nation but he was really worried about the county, said he was afraid it would go for Dewey. That doesn't seem possible but there are a lot of chicken growers who resent the WPA [WFA?] action when some of them sold above the ceiling price. Jim had to go back to Fayetteville this morning to receive the ballot boxes. He went to town for the mail and happened to come back while Barry was talking. He had called from Newport News, Va. Had no idea when he would be shipped but I felt that he thought it would be soon. I was so glad that Donald was here when he called so that all three of us got to talk to him. He said something about his address and I told him we had already received the card with his APO and had written him yesterday. He said he would call again if he had the opportunity but said it was an accident that he got the chance this time so I don't feel very hopeful. I did hate to say good-bye. Donald was going to Westville after Joe. It was good to see Joe, he looks so much better that the last time he was home. Jim went back to Fay. Donald and Joe walked to town after supper, said they wanted to go by to see Grandmother. I hurried to do the dishes and walked down too. Donald scolded me for not telling them that I was coming but I knew they would feel they had to wait for me. The picture was "Song of Russia" & I liked it very

much. The music was especially beautiful and I enjoyed it all the more because Donald went in with me and sat by me most of the time. After the show we went with Arthur to his house for a while, (Joe, Donald, and I). Donald played some of the records but we felt that Arthur and Ruth were tired and we didn't stay long.

Thursday, November 9. We got up at 8:00 and Jim got off to Fayetteville as soon as he could. I'll be glad when this election business is over. Joe got up before Donald and we had a nice long talk. He seems to feel so much better than he did when he was here before. Jim was tired and hoarse when he got home but said he thought the county had gone for Roosevelt, it sure would have hurt him if it hadn't. Someone teased him and said that he had some ballots hid in his shoe and pulled one out every time he felt they needed one to get ahead.

Monday, November 13. Hardin [Russell?] called to tell Jim that the bull had jumped over the fence into Bob Pittman's pasture and he needed help to get him out and back home. Jim, James Fay and Donald went to get him back. I washed. The washer wringer took one of its crazy spells, broke loose, struck and knocked over the tub of rinse water. It spilled into the room and all over the porch and I had a busy time mopping up. Jim had to go to Fayetteville this afternoon. Tom Sullins, Republican candidate for Congress, has demanded a recount of several districts, one of them is Prairie Grove, which made them pretty sore down here. Jim said of course he didn't hope to gain anything personally from it but Roosevelt won in the county by such a narrow margin and some who had bet that Dewey would win thought the count might be changed by taking some of the stronger Roosevelt districts and recounting. A number of people forgot to scratch the Socialists and that technically eliminated their ballot but some of the judges knowing that it was oversight allowed them to be counted. Anyhow it seems a pity when Jim thought he was through that he has to spend more time on the election for no more reason than

that. Joe went fishing and brought home a nice one. James Fay said maybe he could take it back to Chicago to a friend who had asked him to bring him back an Arkansas bass.

Monday, December 4. There was a light in the church basement and when we tried the door it was unlocked and we went in. A gas stove was lighted and it was nice and warm. We decided the meeting was to be there and it was. Miss Wilcox was very interesting. She had been a prisoner of the Japs from Pearl Harbor Day till she came home. She loves the Chinese and even believes that the Christian Japanese can be trusted. She told of a number of incidents of some of them befriending her when they knew if they were discovered they would be killed. There was a large audience for such a bad night, more than was expected evidently for they had to keep dragging out more chairs.

Sunday, December 17. The news about the German drive is so discouraging it makes us all feel heartsick. It is beyond our comprehension how they could have men and material for a drive of such proportions. When here we have been thinking for months that they were practically through. Ruth got out here Christmas cards to address and when Mama and I found that she had gotten them from the Sterling, both of us wanted to get some. Neither of us have as many as we need. I have tried to send as many to boys in the Army as I could get addresses. Mama said she wanted to go down this afternoon to get them and they rather made fun of me because I said I didn't like to make purchases on Sunday unless it was really necessary. But Arthur took us down and we found some very pretty ones. I went to church tonight.

Monday, December 18. I spend most of the rest of the day catching up with theatre work. Made out box office report, ordered advertising, and admission tickets, wrote salary and other checks and some letters. I went to show "Uncertain Glory"and Jim went to a council meeting. After we came home and were listening to Ken McClure give the news, we heard him describe a

celestial phenomenon. He said during the evening the planet Venus appeared to be resting in the hollow of the new moon. spoke of how rare it was and how beautiful. Jim said he had seen it just as he started into the bank for the meeting but that he hadn't know is was rare and had gone on to the meeting and forgotten it. I'm sorry I didn't see it. Letter from Donald. Said he sometimes thought it would be just as well if he just made carbon copies of his letters because there was so little difference in each days happenings. We don't feel that way, they are all very interesting to us. Most of his class has been up for processing but so far he hasn't been called. If he isn't called soon he said he thought he would go up and see why. He keeps hearing rumors that they may be sent to another tech. school before going overseas.

Tuesday, December 19. Beautiful day but cold. I happened to think that the gift for Wilma [Carnahan] from the theatre last year would probably be mentioned in the diary. Sure enough it was not stationery but a bottle of toilet water. Wasn't important, of course, but gave me a certain satisfaction that the diary could be useful that way. Jim called when he went to town to tell me he had a letter from Barry and he read it over the phone. He said he had been reading more than he ever had before, that it was about the only source of entertainment they had. There is a movie three times a week but he has seen most of them and he said the sound is so bad it is hard to tell what the show is about. He and Patrick had taken their laundry to an Italian farmhouse to have it done and while there had traded around for a dozen eggs and a bucket of potatoes. He said eggs were very scarce and they felt quite proud to get them. Now they could fix their own breakfast if they got up too late to eat at the mess hall. The food there is much better than he had expected, in fact better than it had ever been at Avon Park. They had ice cream one day and "Boy, did it taste good." He misses milk, hasn't tasted it since he left the states and probably won't till he returns. He had gone to church on Sunday and had

heard the best sermons since he had been in the Army. He thinks the chaplains over there are better than the ones here. This one is a Methodist from Plymouth, Mass. He lives in a tent with four other men. Ted Patrick is the only one of his crew with him. One of the boys is from Parkin, Ark. (Conners). We were so glad to hear from him. I went to Mama's, took a few things for her dinner. Then I came home and wrote cards. I have tried to write a few lines at least in all the Christmas cards I have sent.

Saturday, December 23. When Jim came he brought a box from James Fay and Janet for me. When we opened it there was the most elegant black coat trimmed in some kind of fur, the sleeves were all fur, and there were broad bands of it down the front. Never had I imagined anything like that for me. There was a little hatd from Michael. Just a bow of the fur and bird wings. I don't know how I will look in it but Jim says I have to wear it. It all looked far too grand for me and they shouldn't have done it, but of course it was quite a thrill. There was a package from Willard and Bernice [Brooks] too. A tie for Jim and a book for me—*Time for Decision* by Sumner Welles. I am very proud of it. After Jim went to town I defrosted the refrigerator and cleaned the kitchen. I had just finished when he came home—very late. I noticed he seemed rather excited, then he told me that they had a fire at the theatre. The crowd had gone and started to motion to Weldon [Russell] to stop the machine when he said he thought the light on the screen looked queer and when he looked toward the booth he knew something was wrong. He called to Arthur and they both dashed up. Weldon had been winding a reel and didn't notice when the serial film broke. It caught fire and when he heard the excitement he dashed over and pulled the film out. They Jim said it really did burn. They kept telling him to get out but he was so excited that he waited till the fire was too hot, the film was over by the door, so he crawled out over the marquee and slid down a telephone pole, skinned his leg and tore his trousers.

Arthur grabbed Weldon's leather coat and tried to smother it with that but saw it wasn't enough so he rushed down to get a fire extinguisher from the fire truck. He couldn't find the right key in the dark and excitement and broke the glass in the door. The fire soon burned itself out and they were very thankful there was no more damage than there was. Jim said it was an awful mess from the chemical, burned film, etc. but little real damage to the booth. We stayed awake quite a while talking about it and I could imagine how restless Arthur probably was. [To be continued.]

MARY JANE HALEY'S RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY FAYETTEVILLE LIBRARIES

GRETCHEN GEARHART

The grand opening of the new Fayetteville Public Library will be on October 9, 2004. Upon reading this announcement Mary Jane Haley thought it would be appropriate for *Flashback* to include some history of earlier libraries in town. She told of visiting the first site for a library, a first-floor circular room on the northeast corner of the courthouse at Center Street and College Avenue, which had opened in 1916. According the W. S. Campbell's *One Hundred Years of Fayetteville: 1828–1928*, Florida Read was the first librarian, followed in turn by Edna Hester and Lila Rolston. Mary Jane walked there from her home on Willow Street, where the family first lived upon moving to Fayetteville in 1922 when she was nine years old. Her father, Major Robert M. Angus, was a retired army officer, who came to Fayetteville to take advantage of a program for veterans offered by the University of Arkansas. She attended North School, now Washington School—same location, new name. At the library she chose books such as Thornton Burgess's animal stories and Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*. Fairy stories formed a large part of her reading material. She also read all the Louisa May Alcott stories.

Later the library moved to a one-story frame dwelling at the corner of East Avenue and Meadow Street. Miss Rolston was still in charge. Campbell says she made it a beauty spot. By 1928 the library held 8,425 volumes, up from 2,000 at its founding. The Angus family was now living at the corner of Lafayette Street and Highland Avenue. Mary Jane's mother, Mary Chapman Angus, was one of four piano teachers living on that block. The others were Elizabeth Bohart, Mildred Gregg, and Marguerite

Humphreys. Mary Jane still walked often to the library, more frequently during the summers. She remembers Miss Rolston as always kind and concerned. Grace Watson Keith, her high school English teacher, assigned reading lists, from which Mary Jane claims she chose the easiest: novels by Zane Grey, Harold Bell Wright, and popular series. Most had a moral— good behavior was rewarded. Gene Stratton Porter made a lasting impression with her beautiful descriptions of plant life in Indiana and California.

Mary Jane may have chosen easy books because much of her after school time was spent practicing the piano. She studied first with her mother and later with Cleas McCray at the University of Arkansas. She played "all over town" at civic club meetings, accompanying singers, and for dance classes at the University of Arkansas. Along the way she decided to study organ and Helen Lewis Bocquin, organist at First Baptist Church, gave her a start. At the U of A she majored in romance languages. Her only music course was music appreciation under Henry Tovey. After her retirement she studied organ with Campbell Johnson at the U of A and served as organist at Rolling Hills Baptist Church, Fayetteville, for more than fifteen years. On July 4, 2003, she gave at recital at the church in observance of her ninetieth birthday. She also studied harpsichord with Kenneth Bruggers and once participated in a four-harpsichord program at the U of A concert hall.

The library moved to an upstairs room in the City Administration Building on Mountain Street in 1937. Irene Gallaway was the librarian. Mary Jane married in 1941 and moved away. When she was in town visiting her mother, she took her daughters to the library. *Rabbit Hill* by Robert Lawson was a favorite book because the setting resembled that of her parents' home high above Mission Boulevard.

Her husband, Seibert Haley, was a Baptist minister. While he was in training at a seminary in Louisville, Kentucky, Mary Jane worked in the leading bookstore in busy downtown Louisville during the war years (1942–1945). There she enjoyed meeting writers. Later, after Seibert had become a junior high school teacher in Jenks, Oklahoma, Mary Jane took a job with the Tulsa City-County Library System, working primarily at the Brookside branch. She admired the contributions of the Friends of the Library organization there, and when she and her husband retired to Fayetteville in 1978, she became a charter member of Friends of the Fayetteville Public Library. She still visits the library and looks forward to going to the new building. Recalling its early beginnings, she is impressed by the new library's size and design.

CENTENNIAL SIDELIGHTS BY JOURNALISM STUDENTS IN 1928

Editor's note: Recently a donor gave WCHS a copy of four pages from the centennial edition of the *Fayetteville (Ark.) Democrat*, dated Tuesday, July 3, 1928. Among the items of interest are "Sidelights by Journalism Students . . . written by University of Arkansas journalism students under direction of J. Wymond French and upon his and the Department's assignments. It was edited by Mabel Claire Gold, editor of the student Newspaper, ARKANSAS TRAVELER, and student part-time member of the Democrat staff. Its facts are those related by old-time residents." Excerpts from these pages follow.

College Students Name Shulertown for 'Soda-Jerker'
by Grace Blakemore

The personality of a vivacious young drug store clerk, Fred Shuler, was the dynamic force which caused the growth and prosperity of the section of Fayetteville now popularly known as Shulertown. The expression "Come let's go see Shuler," so well known to University of Arkansas students of 30 years ago, has been replaced by "Let's go down to Shulertown," probably the most used sentence on the University Campus today.

Forty-seven years ago when the campus of the state university was enclosed by a rail fence and there were no paved streets nor sidewalks in the city, a general merchandise store was opened on Dickson street by A. B. Lewis. This was the first business house in what is now known as Shulertown. As the enrollment of the university increased and after the men's dormitory had been built, several more small business houses were constructed in this section of town. One of these houses was a drug store owned by A. C. McAdams who now owns one of the best drug stores in the city. This store was located where Bates Brothers' grocery store now stands. In 1898 Mr. McMcAdams'

business had so grown that he employed Fred Shuler as clerk and manager. Shuler soon became a favorite with the university students and, although he has now been away from Fayetteville for more than 18 years, the business district on Dickson street is still known as Shulertown. "Shuler" is plainly an outgrowth of the university. It now means more than a purchasing center for students. It means "Shulertown—where good fellows get together."

Girl Student Tells of Pranks of 1882
By Mary Shauman

Mrs. F. E. Martin was the second woman to enroll in the Arkansas Industrial University. I found her in a little old house on Leverett street living quite alone—save, of course, for her memories. The house, a design of bygone years, is set quite back from the busy street as if avoiding the rush and clamor.

Mrs. Martin entered the University in 1882, while G. P. Gates was president. There were no freshmen but quite a large number of Indians. Dances were held once a week in the long hall of the main building, then frame. They were most pointedly chaperoned and sponsored by the faculty.

With the succession of Bishop as president a new rule was made, and Mrs. Martin smiled at the recollection. All men had to be in the dormitory by a certain hour. But it seems this rule was not so rigorously kept and so to catch the offenders President Bishop hid under a bridge in Shulertown. As the culprits came along he caught the tail of the coat of one, only to find himself hurled from the bridge, the ineffective coat tail in his hand.

Picnic Celebrates Arrival of First Local Train Delayed One Day by Rain

by Katherine McGaugh

Amid the cheers of approximately five thousand spectators, the Frisco, Fayetteville's first railway train, pulled up beside the wooden platform which then served as a depot, on Sunday, July 4, 1881, piloted by Charles C. Vance, who in his 84th year still lives in Fayetteville. The train was just one day late, having been prevented from arriving on schedule the 3rd by rain.

Many of the spectators had never seen a train before. They came from as far as Harrison on the north and Van Buren on the south. Hundreds of campers were lined up along the small streams that ran through what is now Schuler [*sic*] town.

The train carried excursion passengers from Springfield, Mo., and points along the line. The engine was number 31, an 8-wheel, four drive locomotive with a wide-mouthed smokestack. Four passengers cars were attached to the engine, which pulled into Fayetteville about 11:40 a.m. At 3 o'clock that afternoon, after the engine had cooled off and its ends had been changed by a turntable, the train started on its return journey. To celebrate the occasion a public picnic was held, at which prominent men made addresses on the benefits of the railroad, and the future greatness of the country.

It was several months before the road to Fort Smith was completed. For 30 years Mr. Vance made the 133 mile run from Monette to Fort Smith, and for the next 49 years [*sic*] was engineer on a line from Fayetteville to Pettigrew.

Mr. Vance is now retired and he, his wife and two daughters ride on a "white pass," an honorary card given by the railway company in recognition for many years in its service. "Only two other men in the Central Frisco division have 'white passes,'" Mr.

Vance said. They are W. P. McNair, Sr., first station agent at Fayetteville, and B. R. Davidson, veteran Frisco attorney.

Mr. Vance began his railroading career in 1866, as soon as he left the battlefields of the Civil War. Eleven years later he became an engineer and held that position until he retired. Although three engines have turned over with him, his only hurts were slight scalds.

Aged "Wedding Gift" Recalls Student Duel
By Nelda Hickman

Seventy years ago a Fayetteville bride counted among her wedding gifts a very small and very happy [black child] who answered to the name of Adeline [Blakeley]. Today, still happy, her mind keenly alert, Adeline serves the granddaughter of that same bride. Her memory goes back to the turbulent days of the Civil War. She laughs heartily as she recalls one particular incident: A battle was being fought not more than a city block from her home. For safety, she, still a small child, and the little daughter of her mistress were placed in wash tubs in a water-filled cellar. While the battle raged over the hill, the two children bobbled happily about on their private ocean.

And then Adeline remembers the students who came to the University of Arkansas when it was a very young and very small institution. She remembers the pranks they played and how they looked on drill days when they donned their blue uniforms with the long frock-tail coats.

"Of course the boys played pranks," said Adeline. "They were just as lively in those days as they are now. And they didn't think of things like having freshmen wear green caps. But they did dye one boy's hair a bright red."

Snipe hunting was extremely popular in the early days, and many a freshman was left "holding the sack" for hours.

Once two students had a duel. The quarrel was trivial, but since one boy was much larger than the other, they could not settle it by a fist-fight. So the little fellow challenged the big one to a duel. Seconds were chosen and a spot on Mount Nord selected for the event. The hour arrived and with it the two students and their seconds. They took their distance and, at a signal, fired. The first shots hit neither combatant. They fired again with the same results. And then they discovered that the guns were loaded with blank cartridges! Whereupon they both laughed, shook hands, and went home.

BOOK REVIEW

Railroads of Northwest Arkansas. By Robert G. Winn, chronicler. (Washington County Historical Society, Fayetteville, Arkansas, 1986. Reprinted 2004. Photographs, errata and addenda. Pp. 136. $15.00).

It will bring much pleasure to readers fond of the work of Robert Winn to know that the Washington County Historical Society has issued a reprint of Winn's work about the railroads of this area.

Winn, a native of Winslow, was the son of a railroad man and grew up surrounded by railroads and their stories. In the book he gives his readers a broad historical view and an anecdotal viewpoint of the role railroads played in the populating and growth of this region.

Of interest to local readers will be his retelling of the advent of and fall of passenger train service to Fayetteville. The first train arrived in Fayetteville on July 4, 1882, and was met by more than ten thousand people. This enormous gathering included the university band, a reception committee headed by Congressman T. M. Gunter, and an elaborate banquet at a house on the corner of East and Meadow Streets to honor railroad dignitaries. This was followed by a formal ball which lasted into the morning of the following day. The excuse for all this excessive merrymaking was that the railroad was believed to be opening Northwest Arkansas to the rest of the world "out there" and providing a way to travel in speed and comfort. Since the total population of the county at that time barely exceeded twenty thousand, it is clear that at least half the population turned out at the station that day to celebrate the event.

One of the people attending that event, W. W. Swaney, who was eleven years old in 1882, had boarded the first train and ridden a short distance. Still living in 1965, Swaney was invited to be a passenger on the last passenger train to pass through

Fayetteville. The train arrived in Fayetteville from Monette, Missouri, on the morning of September 18, 1965. In contrast to the huge crowd which welcomed the first train, only a handful of people, including Swaney, were on hand to bid farewell to passenger service. It was an event deeply regretted by many residents of the county.

In the intervening years, Winn tells us, the trains built and destroyed many settlements along the route from Missouri to Fort Smith. Some towns which were entirely creations of the railroads. are familiar to us all, such as Rogers to the north. Rogers was established by the Frisco Company out of St. Louis and named for an official of that company. A long list of towns and settlements, many now extinct, were created to provide refueling and watering stops for the trains. Many of the industries growing up in this area, including logging, mining, and agriculture, depended on the trains to haul their produce. Social interaction was facilitated by the coming of the railroads, since before that the only highway between Missouri and Fort Smith was old 71 across the mountains. This route was not paved for much of its length until after the First World War, and in winter and wet spring it became a quagmire through which neither horse nor mule-drawn conveyances, or later the automobile, could travel safely. The passenger trains became the essential means of travel for all who wished to go south to the political and commercial centers of south central Arkansas and on to New Orleans.

Winn includes a host of wonderful photographs and illustrations from the days of the railroads' glory. He provides pictures of nearly every station large and small along the lines and also before-and-after photographs showing the rise and decline of many areas and villages. A number of these were from his own private collection taken during his youth in Winslow and from the collections of his railroading acquaintances.

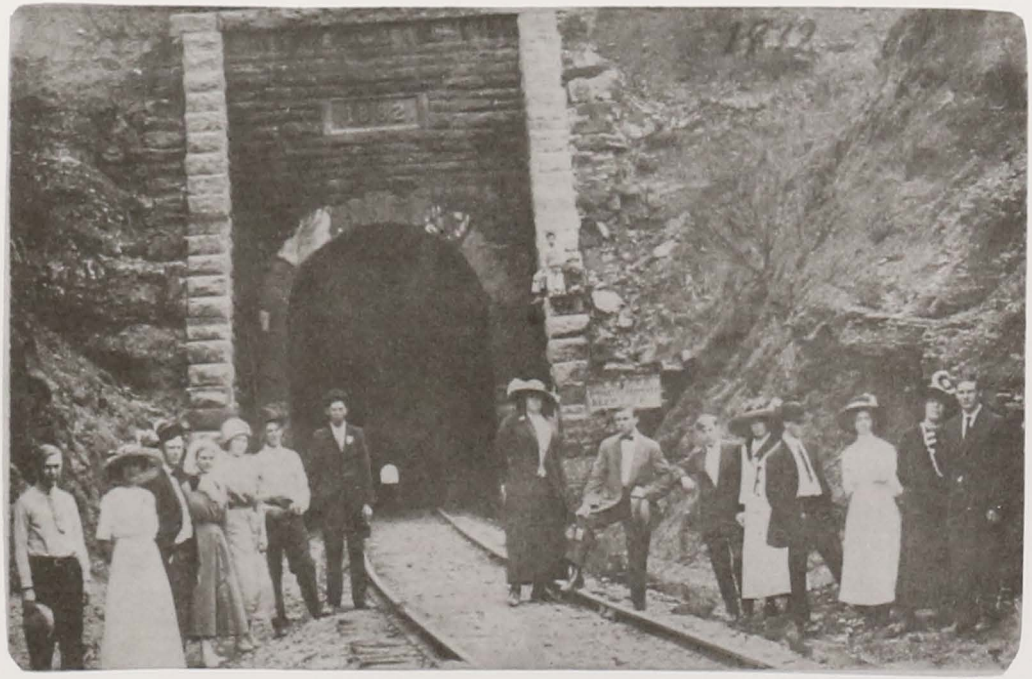
BOOK REVIEW

This book will appeal not only to the railroad buffs among our readership but to those interested in the general history of this region as well. If only for the photographs it is well worth owning. Copies are available for purchase in the Washington County Historical Society's bookstore in the Headquarters House at 118 East Dickson Street in Fayetteville.

Carolyn D. Banks

The **Brentwood** Depot during the World War I period. Shown are John May, agent-postmaster, and his daughter Ethel. The photo appears in *Railroads of Northwest Arkansas*. Winn credits Hugh Jett.

The wreck of the southbound Cannonball two miles north of Johnson on August 9, 1912 (Courtesy Washington County Historical Society/Shiloh Museum of Ozark History).



Taken in 1912, this shows activity of young people of the community on a Sunday afternoon. Left to right are R. L. "Bob" Maddox, Dovie Smith, Raymond Reid, Mollie Nickell, Beulah Reid, Lytton Deatherage, Arthur Smith, Fay Cole, Ralph Trapp, Burl Winn, Stella Smith, Dick Page, Alice Kelley, Pearl Land, Lyndell Deatherage. (From *Railroads of Northwest Arkansas*).

Flash Back
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